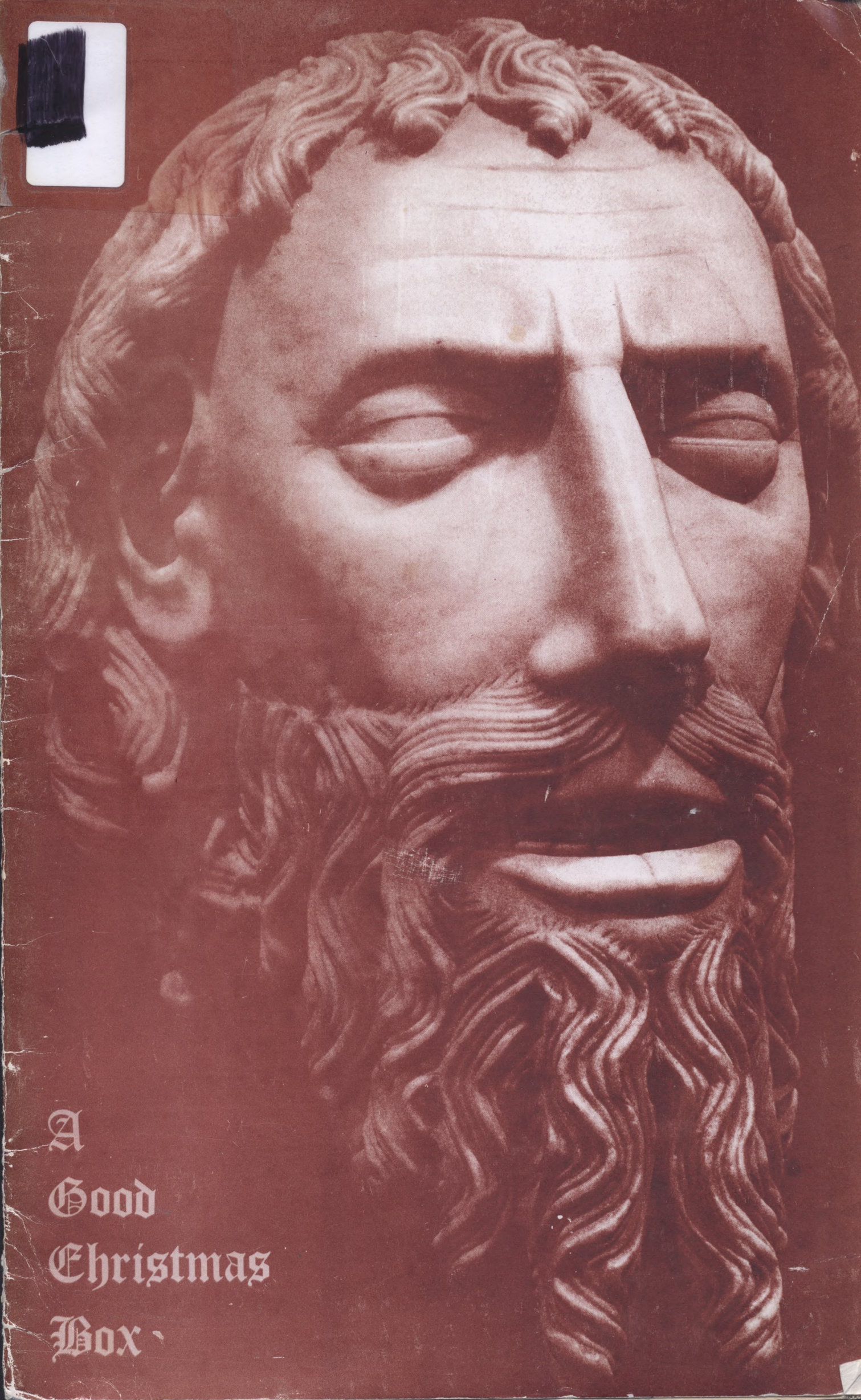
A
Good
Christmas
Box

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WITHDRAWN

A Good Christmas Box

A fac-simile reproduction of the famous collection of Christmas Carols first printed and published by G. Walters of High Street, Dudley, in 1847.

Edited by M. & J. Raven

Wolverhampton Folk Song Club

September 1967

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI J.D. WILLIAMS LIBRARY 1848

CAROLS.

THE FIVE AND TWENTIETH OF DECEMBER.

UPON the five and twentieth of December
Our blessed Saviour he was born,
Then let us sing praises to the day that we adore him,
Sing praises unto his great and glorious name.
First was the bright angel that brought to us glad tidings,
Unto the poor shepherds a feeding their sheep;
Which set the poor shepherds' hearts rejoicing,
See how he left his blessed habitation,
All to redeem poor sinful man.

Sing praises, &c.

Then Jesus went up unto the Mountain of Olives,
Early in the morning he came back again
Saying if thou knowest me thou may'st know my Father,
And if thou knowest my Father, thou may'st know me.

Sing praises, &c.

When cruel Herod found himself deceived,
In anger he flew, he vowed to himself,
That all infants should be murdered,
Thinking to murder our blessed Saviour;
The blessed Saviour of mankind.

Sing praises, &c.

Rachel's two babes before her face was slain,
Because amongst the rest, grief was her lot,
But God who knows the hearts and thoughts of all men,
Preserved his Son from Herod's cruel hand.

Sing praises, &c.

The wicked and the proud to persecute the poor,
Such deeds the wicked boast of, but the Lord does them abhor,
Let them betake themselves to good advice
For the rich their pride it must come down.

Sing praises, &c.

The hand of the Lord is now above us,
Come and sit you down by the spirit of the Lord,
The trumpet shall sound before the Lord,
See how the fire burns before him;
And the day of Judgment it will come.

Sing praises, &c.

SINNER'S DREAM.

One night as slumbering I lay,
Myself alone in bed,
A very strange and fearful dream,
Came then into my head.

Methought the day of judgment,
Most awful to behold,
Was come, and Christ was there,
To judge both old and young.

But as I quaking lay for fear,
Not knowing what to do,
The mercy of our Saviour Christ,
In faith I trusted to.

Myself was sent for then
By sound of trumpet shrill,
And every soul was ordered near
Be his sentence good or ill.

Then Satan came I thought,
And said I was his own,
He would have borne me thence,
My sins so great were grown.

Oh! Satan, said our Lord,
Do thou look in thy strife,
Whether this sinner's name
Be not in the book of life.

But if his name be entered,
Then surely he is blessed;
His sins I've washed away,
His soul with me shall rest.

Then Satan took the book,
And did it leaf by leaf unfold,
Until he found the sinner's name,
In letters lin'd with gold.

Then Satan sorrow'd much,
At the unexpected sight,
And told our blessed Saviour Christ,
His judgment was not right.

Oh hellish Satan, said our Lord,
Thou knowest full well I died,
To save repentant sinners' souls
Not overthrown by pride.

Then since his name is entered,
Then surely he is blest,
His sins I've washed away,
And his soul with me shall rest.

Then Satan sorrowed much
That he had lost his prey,
And grievously he vexed was,
So vanished clean away.

God bless the Rulers of this House,
And send them long to reign,
With health, wealth, and prosperity,
God's gospel to maintain.

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR SINNERS.

This second carol here I sing,
Of our blessed Saviour, Lord and King,
The dear Redeemer of mankind,
Whose love we ought to bear in mind.

When bound in chains of dismal thrall,
By disobedient Adam's fall,
To set us free he gladly came,
For ever blessed be his name.

That time so precious to us now,
That name at which all knees shall bow,
That name which we so much adore,
He dy'd lost sinners to restore.

And better to convince the Jews,
Who did his gospel truth refuse,
He show'd his power by a sign,
In turning water into wine.

Then with five loaves of barley bread,
And two small fishes he them fed;
Five thousand persons that were there,
They had enough and some to spare.

Both deaf and dumb and blind and lame,
And all that to our Saviour came,
By miracles he did restore,
His words were, "Go and sin no more."

He went about still doing good,
To all poor sinful souls that stood
In need of succour and relief,
His love expelled the pangs of grief.

Tho' unbelieving Jews beheld
These miracles, their hearts were fill'd
With rage against our blessed Lord,
Whose death they sought with one accord.

Who can sufficiently express,
With what sad grief and heaviness,

Our dear and blest Redeemer met,
When drops of blood he seemed to sweat?

Judas betrayed him with a kiss,
The fountain of eternal bliss,
The spring of life,—the source of love,
More pure than the unspotted dove.

From the high priest an armed band,
With Judas came who took in hand,
The word of Judas being took,
He was by all his friends forsook.

They led him straight to the high-priest,
Where malice more and more increased,
Some rave, some scold, some smote his face,
Deriding the best means of grace.

Pilate would very fain have sav'd
Our Lord, but still he crav'd,
And with one voice aloud they cry'd,
"Let him, let him be crucified."

He was to suffer death therefore,
On his blest head a crown he wore,
Made of the sharpest prickly thorns,
Revil'd with bitter taunts and scorns.

The cross on which he was to die,
Our blessed Saviour patiently,
On his blest shoulders bore,
All this he did for us and more.

Behold the spear that pierc'd his side,
Behold the cross on which he died,
Behold the sponge of bitter gall,
Then sure some tears of grief must fall.

Behold how him with scorn they treat,
Behold the nails that pierc'd his feet,
Behold him bleeding on the tree,
Say to thyself, 'Twas done for me!

Still with an eye of faith behold
Thy Saviour's mercies manifold;
Who suffered death that we might live.
To him due praises let us give.

At this blest season of the year,
Let faithful christians far and near
Relieve the poor with charity,
That they may feast as well as we.

In honour of this blessed day
Of our redemption, friends I pray,
All faults forgive, set debtors free,
Make it a joyful Jubilee.

Shepherds Rejoice.

Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies
A Saviour's born to day.

Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you,
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

Go, Shepherds where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne!
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, Shepherds, kiss the son.

Glory to God who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth,
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

Lord and angels have their song,
And men no tune to raise;
O may we lose those useless tongues
When we forget to praise.

Glory to God who reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
O let us join to sing his praise,
For lo! a Saviour's born.

NEW YEAR'S CAROL.

Awake, awake ye drowsy souls,
And hear what I shall tell,
Remember Christ the Lamb of God,
Redeemed our souls from hell.
He's crowned with thorns,
Spit on with scorn,
The Jews had hid themselves,
So God send you all a new year.

They bound Christ's body to a tree,
And wounded him full sore.

From every wound the blood ran down,
Till Christ could bleed no more,
His dying wounds all rent and tore,
Were covered with pearly gore.

And when the Jews had murder'd Christ,
And shown their cruel spite;
The sun and moon did hide their heads,
And went in mourning straight,
The heavens stood amazed, the angels gaz'd,
And the earth was darkened quite.

And when Christ's soul departed,
And from his body fled,
The rocks did rend, the graves did open,
And then appeared the dead,
All they that were there did quake for fear,
And said it was the Son of God.

Then Christ he called Thomas,
And said "Now come and see,
And put thy finger in the wounds
That are in my body,
And be not faithless but believe,
And happy shalt thou be."

Then Christ called his disciples,
And tried them over death,
And said, "All powers are given to you,
In heaven and on earth,
Therefore to teach all nations,
Dispise you not my death.

Go seek you every wand'ring sheep,
That doth on earth remain,
Till Christ himself has paid your debts,
And turned you back again.
All you that are heavy laden,
I will ease you of your pain.

It was early one morning,
As Mary did him see,
She saw two angels sitting
At Jesu's head and feet,
Mary shed tears whilst Christ appear'd,
And said, why dost thou weep?

God bless the ruler of this house,
And grant him long to reign,
Send him to see many a good new year,
Still unalloyed by pain,
And all his godly family,
That loveth the Lord so dear.

God bless the mistress of this house,
With peace unto her breast,
And let her be asleep or awake,
O Lord, still give her rest,
And all her godly family,
That serveth the Lord so dear.

VIRGIN UNSPOTTED.

The virgin unspotted the prophets foretold
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
That Adam's transgression involved us in.

Therefore let us be merry cast sorrow away,
Our Saviour Christ Jesus was born on that day.

Through Bethlehem city in Judea it was,
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And were to be taxed wherever they came,
Since Cæsar Augustus condemned the same.

Then let us be merry, &c.

But Mary's full time being come as we find,
She brought forth her first-born to save all mankind,
The inn being full for this heavenly guest,
No place could be found to lay him to rest.

Then let us be merry, &c.

But Mary, blest Mary, so meek and so mild,
Soon wrapped in swaddling this heavenly child,
Contented she laid him where oxen were fed,
The great God of mercy approved the deed.

Then let us be merry, &c.

To teach us humility all this was done,
Then learn we from hence all imprudence to shun,
A manger his cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.

Then let us be merry, &c.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky,
How happy they converse, how sweet they do sing,
All glory and praise to our heavenly King.

Then let us be merry, &c.

The truth sent from above.

This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God the God of love,
Therefore don't turn me from the door,
But hearken all both rich and poor.

The first thing that I will relate,
That God at first did man create,
The next thing which to you I tell,
Woman was made with him to dwell.

Then after that 'twas God's own choice,
To place them both in Paradise,

There to remain from evil free,
Except they ate of such a tree.

But they did eat, which was a sin,
And then their ruin did begin—
Ruin'd themselves, both you and me,
And all of our posterity.

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose,
For so a promise soon did run,
That he'd redeem us by a Son.

And at this season of the year,
Our blest Redeemer did appear,
And here did live, and here did preach,
And many thousands he did teach.

Thus he in love to us behav'd,
To show us how we might be sav'd,
And if you want to know the way,
Be pleased to hear what he did say.

Go preach the gospel now he said,
To all the nations that are made,
And he that does believe on me,
From all his sins I'll set him free.

If he believes and does obey,
I'll raise him up at the last day,
And now as sure as he does live,
Eternal life to him I'll give.

But he that wont believe on me,
Eternal life shall never see,
If he will still in sin remain,
I'll give him everlasting pain.

Now prove yourselves the teacher saith,
Examine if you've any faith,
And if you search and can't this see,
Then beg of God to give it thee.

For he is merciful and kind,
And bids you seek and you shall find,
Your danger's great, make no delay,
For without faith you can't him see.

O seek it now while life does last,
For death is coming very fast,
And if he finds thee void of this,
The wrath of God you cannot miss.

O seek! O seek! of God above,
That saving faith that works by love,
And if he's pleased to grant thee this,
Thou'rt sure to have eternal bliss.

For when by death he'll close thy eyes,
To be with Christ above the skies,
And there remain for ever bless'd
With joys that cannot be expressed.

God grant to all within this place,
True saving faith that special grace,
Which to his people does belong,
And thus I close my Christmas song.

FOUNTAIN OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

There is a fountain of Christ's blood,
Wide open set to drown our sins,
Where Jesus stands with open arms
Of mercy to invite you in.

Here we might see his bleeding wounds,
And hear him breathe forth dying groans;
He shed his rich redeeming blood,
Only to do poor sinners good.

He's crown'd with thorns, spit on with scorn,
His flesh is pain'd, his soul is torn;
With rugged nails through hands and feet,
They nailed our Redeemer sweet.

With bloody spears they pierc'd his side,
And bruis'd his bleeding body sore,
From each sad wound the blood ran down,
The spring of life could bleed no more.

When all his precious blood was spent,
The thunder roared, the rocks were rent,
The earth did quake, the clouds did rumble,
Which made hell shake and devils tremble.

The sun and moon in mourning went,
The sea did roar, the temple rent,
When Christ's rich precious blood was shed
It open'd graves and rais'd the dead.

Who did in frightful form appear,
With ghastly looks the spirits stood,
The Jews did tremble then with fear,
And said This was the Son of God.

But they had crucified their King,
The true blood royal spring of life,
Whose precious blood I farther tell,
Had power to quench the flames of hell.

Just form'd from dust, frail flesh-how base,
To fly into thy Maker's face!
Condemn thy God! what hast thou done?
E'en crucifi'd the Blessed One!

Vain with the pride of filthy flesh,
Which is but dust and loathsomeness,
'Tis but a coffin turn'd with breath,
By sickness broached, drawn out by death.

Let sorrow heave thy soul with groans,
Shed tears and bathe his bleeding wounds,

Then rend thy heart, Christ's mercy crave,
Who knows but still his blood can save.

Such precious mercies Jesus gives,
His bleeding wounds and dying throbs,
Shake off believers' filthy rags,
And clothe your souls in shining robes.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Hark! Hark! what news the angels bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born King,
Who is the Saviour of mankind,
In whom we may salvation find.

This is the day, the blessed morn,
The Saviour of mankind was born,
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin, from guile secure.

Hail, blessed Virgin, full of grace,
Blessed above all human race,
Whose blessed womb brought forth in one
A God, a Saviour, and a Son.

A perfect God, a perfect Man,
A mystery which no man can
Attain to, though he's e'er so wise,
Until he rises to the skies.

Arise my soul, and thou my voice,
In hymns of early praise rejoice,
His fame extol and magnify,
Upon whose errands angels fly.

As angels sung at Jesu's birth,
Sure we have greater cause for mirth;
For why? it was for our sake,
Christ did the human nature take.

Dear Christ, thou did'st thyself debase,
Thus to descend to human race,
And leave thy Father's throne above,
Lord, what could move thee to this love?

Man, that was form'd out of the dust,
He found a Paradise at first;
But see the God of heaven and earth,
Laid in a manger at his birth.

Surely the manger where he lies,
Doth figure out his sacrifice,
For by his birth all men may see,
A pattern of humility.

Stupendous babe, our God and King,
Thy praises I will ever sing,
In joyful accents raise my voice,
And in the praise of God rejoice.

My soul learn by my Saviour's birth,
For to debase thyself on earth,
That thou may'st be exalted high,
And reign with Christ eternally.

I do resolve while here I live,
For I'm in duty bound to give
All glory to the Deity,
One God alone, in persons three.

O, FAIR JERUSALEM.

O fair, O fair Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

God in the trinity,
With holy mighty hand,
Hath made the sea, the moon and stars,
The waters and the land.

Six days in every week
Are for the labouring man;
The seventh for the glorious Lord,
The Father and the Son.

And when we go to church,
Down on our knees we fall,
And there we pray that Jesus Christ
Would bless and save us all.

For to redeem our souls,
Christ died in our stead;
I ne'er can do for Jesus Christ
As he hath done for me.

O pray teach well our children now,
The while that you are here,
'T will be better for your soul
When you lie on the bier.

When children are so young
They are but little taught;
'Tis better never to be born
Than to live and be untaught.

To-day a man's alive and well,
Worth many a thousand pound,
To-morrow morning may be dead,
And his corpse laid under ground.

With a turf at your clay-cold head,
And another at your feet;
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Before the Lord shall meet.

O tho' thou dress in gaudy clothes,
And proudly look so gay,
The worms shall eat thy flesh O man,
Thy bones shall mould away.

And nothing shalt thou have,
Except a winding sheet,
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Before the Lord shall meet.

MIRTH INCLINED,

OR,

Sinner's Redemption.

All you that are to mirth inclin'd,
Consider well and bear in mind;
What our Great God for us hath done,
In sending his beloved Son.

Let all your songs and praises be,
Unto his heavenly Majesty,
And evermore among your mirth,
Remember Christ our Saviour's birth.

The five-and-twentieth of December,
Great cause have we for to remember;
In Bethlehem upon that morn,
There was our blessed Saviour born.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep,
Their herds and flocks a keeping sheep,
To whom God's angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.

Prepare and go the angel said,
To Bethlehem, be not afraid,
There shall you see this blessed morn,
The heavenly babe, sweet Jesus born.

With thankful hearts and joyful mind,
The shepherds went this babe to find,
And as the heavenly angel told,
They did our Saviour Christ behold.

Within a manger he was laid,
The Virgin Mary by him staid,
Attending on the Lord of life,
Being both mother, maid, and wife.

If choirs of angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice,
Sing praises to the God of heaven,
Who unto us his Son hath given.

Moreover, let us every one
Call unto mind and think upon
His righteous life, and how he died,
To have poor sinners justified.

Suppose, O man, that thou should'st lie
In prison strong, condemned to die,
And that no friend upon the earth
Could ransom thee from cruel death.

Except you can some party find,
That for your sake will be so kind,
His own heart's blood for to dispense,
And lose his life in your defence.

Such was the love of Christ when we
Were lost from heaven eternally,
To save us from eternal woe,
Himself did much pain undergo.

While on the earth he did remain,
He never spent one hour in vain,
In fasting and in prayer divine,
He daily spent his precious time.

He in the temple daily taught,
And many wonders strange he wrought,
He gave the blind their perfect sight,
And made the lame to walk upright.

He cured the lepers of their evils,
And by his power cast out devils;

He raised Lazarus from the grave,
And to the sick their health he gave.

Yet for these wonders, that he wrought,
Ungrateful Jews his ruin sought,
Treacherous Judas was the man
That with a kiss betrayed him then.

Then he was led to the judgment hall,
Like one despised by them all,
And had his sentence given that he,
Should suffer death upon a tree.

Then to the cross through hands and feet,
They nailed our blessed Saviour sweet,
And further to augment the smart,
With bloody spears they pierced his heart.

Thus have you heard and seen aright,
The love of Christ the Lord of might,
And how he spent his precious blood,
Only to do poor sinners good.

TWELVE APOSTLES.

When Jesus Christ had lived
Full thirty years and more,
He worked many wondrous works,
With his twelve Apostles pure.

He delivered up the twelve,
A sacrament to take,
He showed Simon an Hebrew house,
A Testament to make.

Then Judas with the Jews,
Our Saviour did betray,
And unto him for thirty pence,
Jesus was sold away.

Then Judas he came in,
With a troop of armed men,
And bound his master fast in bands,
In whom there was no sin.

And for his garments brave,
The soldiers did cast dice,
Which was a garment without seam,
And a jewel of great price.

They led him on straightway,
Unto his judgment place,
Without God's leave he was condemn'd
To die in vile disgrace.

Between two ruffian rogues,
They nailed our Saviour up,
They left his body there to bleed,
In torment's bitter cup.

They nail'd his hands and feet,
And crowned his head with thorns,
And gave him vinegar to drink,
With many reproachful scorns.

Now all things seem to mourn,
When our blessed Saviour died,
The hills and rocks did rend,
The mountains did divide.

The heavens themselves grew very dark,
The moon forsook her light,
And for three hours in the day,
It was a dismal night.

The earth did tremble and quake,
And graves did open wide,
Dead men's ghosts walk'd up and down
In a frightful manner beside.

At any Christmas time,
Amongst good christians all,
This Christmas carol may be sung
In any house or hall.

JOYFUL MIRTH.

Let christians now in joyful mirth,
The young and old, both great and small,
Still think upon a Saviour's birth,
Who brought salvation to us all.

And thus our God his Son did send,
Who cruel Jews did hold in scorn;
No pompous train did there attend
This King of kings when he was born.

C

No place but in an ox's stall,
The place of his nativity,
Indeed this should instruct us all,
To learn of him humility.

'Twas in the city of David then,
As holy scriptures make appear,
And in the time of taxing, when
They came both far and near.

The virgin Mary then by name,
And Joseph most exceeding kind,
When they into the city came,
No habitation could they find.

But in a stable mean where they
Continued to the blessed morn,
Let us rejoice and keep this day,
Whereon the Lord of Life was born.

Upon this day let none be found,
To practise any idle game,
And tho' thy mirth should much abound,
In innocence let it remain.

Relieve your neighbours that are poor,
You are commanded so to do,
Out of the bounty of your store,
That they may all rejoice with you.

Thus in your mirth with one accord,
See that you do all evil shun,

And sing your praises to the Lord,
For sending his beloved Son.

He that descended from above,
Who freely for our sins has died,
Make him the pattern of our love,
So many joys be sanctified.

You that do read these lines I pray,
Let all your hearts be so inclin'd,
To give due honour to this day,
Which brought salvation to mankind.

Away dark thoughts.

Away dark thoughts, awake my joys,
Awake in glory sing,
A song to celebrate the birth,
Of Jacob's God and King.

O happy night that brought forth light,
Which makes the blind to see,
The day-spring from on high came down
To cheer and visit thee.

The wakeful shepherds near their flocks,
Were watchful for the morn,
And better news from heaven was brought,
Our Saviour Christ was born.

In Bethlehem town the infant lay,
Within a place obscure;
O little Bethlehem, poor in walls,
But rich in furniture.

Since heaven is now come down on earth
Hither the angels fly,
Hark! how the heavenly choir do sing
Glory to God on high.

The news is spread, the church is glad,
Simeon o'ercome with joy,
Sings with the infant in his arms,
"Now let thy servant die."

Wise men from 'far beheld the star,
Which was the faithful guide;
Until it pointed out the babe,
And him they glorified.

Does heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Shall we our Christ deny,
He's born for us and we for him,
Glory to God on high.

RIGHTEOUS JOSEPH.

When righteous Joseph wedded was
Unto a virtuous maid,
A glorious angel came from heaven,
And to the virgin said—

"Hail, blessed Mary, full of grace,
The Lord remains with thee,
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
Man's Saviour he shall be."

'Tis wondrous strange, quoth Mary, then,
I should conceive and breed,
Who ne'er was touched by mortal man,
In word, or thought, or deed.

When Joseph he returned
To Mary, meek and mild,
He wondered strangely at his wife,
To see her big with child.

God's messenger she did believe,
And is to Jerusalem gone,
Three months with her friends to stay,
God's blessed will be done.

Thus spake the angel Gabriel,
This is not the work of man,
It is by God's ordained will,
E'er since the world began.

She's mother, maid, and married wife,
By Jesus' birth befel,
And by his power and by his grace,
He'll conquer death and hell.

O Joseph do not blame your wife,
She's still a virtuous maid;
For no consent to any sin,
Against her can be laid.

SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

Hark! Hark! what news the angels bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born King;
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
In virtuous innocence secure.

Hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in praises to the Lord.

Behold he comes and leaves the skies,
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise;
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born.

With endless love he came to dwell
On earth, to save mankind from hell;
In chorus then with joy and mirth,
We celebrate our Saviour's birth.

Echo shall waft the strains around,
Till listening angels hear the sound,
And all the heavenly host above,
Shall join to sing redeeming love.

Star of Bethlehem.

Lo! the Eastern magi rise,
At the signal in the skies,
Brighter than the brightest gem,
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Balaam's mystic words appear,
Full of light divinely clear,
And the import wrapt in them,
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Rocks and deserts can't impede,
On they press, no guide they need,
Day and night a guide to them,
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Now the holy wise men meet,
At the royal infant's feet,
Offerings rich are made by them,
To the star of Bethlehem.

Cruel Herod much alarmed,
Off he goes with malice arm'd,
To destroy with all his main,
The glorious star of Bethlehem.

Thousands of poor babes he killed,
Till at length obliged to yield,
God who knows the hearts of men,
Preserv'd the star of Bethlehem.

THE NATIVITY.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
Upon the verdant ground,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, tho' mighty dread
Had seiz'd each troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be your sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spoke the seraph and forthwith
Appear'd a heavenly throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.

"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

On Christmas night true christians sing
To hear what news the angels bring,
News of great joy, cause of great mirth,
News of our dear Redeemer's birth.

The King of kings to us is given,
The Lord of earth and King of heaven,
Angels and men with joy may sing,
To see and bless their new-born King.

Angels with joy sing in the air,
None with their music can compare,
And prisoners in their chains rejoice;
To hear the echo of their voice.

And now on earth can men be sad,
Our Saviour comes to make us glad,
From sin and hell to set us free,
And buy for us our liberty.

Let sin depart—behold his grace,
His precious death has brought us peace,
And we may our comforts see,
Our enemies shall conquered be.

Now from the darkness we have light,
Which makes the angels sing this night,
"Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and for evermore, Amen."

THE HOLY WELL.

As it fell out one May morning,
And on a bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear mother,
If he might go to play.

To play to play sweet Jesus shall go,
nd to play now get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint,
At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children,
As any tongue can tell.

He said God bless you every one,
May Christ your portion be,
Little children shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me.

But they jointly answered, No,
They were lords' and ladies' sons,
And he the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.

Sweet Jesus turned him around,
And he neither laugh'd nor smiled;
But the tears came trickling from his eyes,
Like water from the skies.

Sweet Jesus turned him about,
To his mother's dear home went he,
And said I've been in yonder town,
As after you may see.

I've been in yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
There did I meet as fine children,
As any tongue can tell.

I bid God bless them every one,
And their bodies Christ save and see,
Little children shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me.

But they answered me No,
They were lords' and ladies' sons,
And I the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.

Though you are but a maiden's child,
Born in an ox's stall,
Thou art the Christ the King of heaven,
And the Saviour of them all.

Sweet Jesus go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls,
And dip them deep in hell

Nay, nay, sweet Jesus mildly said,
Nay, nay, that must not be,
For there are too many sinful souls,
Crying out for help of me.

O then bespoke the angel Gabriel,
Upon one good St. Stephen,
Altho' you're but a maiden's child,
You are the King of heaven.

GOD'S DEAR SON.

God's dear Son without beginning,
Whom the wicked Jews did scorn,
The only wise, without once sinning,
On this blessed day was born.

To save our souls from sin and death,
When we in Satan's chains were bound
And shed his blood to do us good,
With many a purple bleeding wound.

Remember that this blessed morn,
A sweet salvation came to us,
When Jesus Christ with grace adorning,
Sought us then with love to woo us.

That mankind may be of God's fold,
And feed like lambs on Sion's hill,
Be not unkind, but bear in mind,
That Christ doth thee remember still.

At Bethlehem, King David's city,
Mary's Babe and sweet creation,
God and man endu'd with pity,
And a Saviour of each nation.

Yet Jewish land with cruel hand,
Both first and last his power defied,
Where he was born they did him scorn,
And showed him malice when he died.

No place for Christ our Saviour,
In Judah could be found;
But Mary's meek behaviour,
Bore it patiently on the ground.

The Babe was placed in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stalls did feed,

No midwife mild for this sweet child,
Or woman's help at mother's need.

No kindly robes of golden treasure,
Deck'd the birth-day of God's Son,
Or pompal train at all took pleasure,
Unto the King of kings to run.

No mantle brave can Jesus have,
Upon his cradle there to lie,
Or music's charms in nurse's arms,
To sing the Babe to lullaby.

But as Mary sat in solace,
At our Saviour's first beginning,
Hosts of Angels from God's palace,
Sounded sweet from heaven singing.

Ye heavens and earth for Jesu's birth,
With sweet melodious tunes abound,
And every thing for the Jews' King,
Upon the earth gave cheerful sound.

Heaven perceiving few attended,
To the promised Prince of might,
From the crystal skies descended,
Blessed, glorious, beams of light.

A glorious star did shine so fat,
That all the world might see the same:
And nations strange their faith did change,
To yield him honour, praise, and fame.

Then with angelic love inspired,
Princes and wise men from the east,
Came to where the Lord desired,
To Bethlehem with speed and haste.

And then they laid before the maid,
And to her Son their God and King,
Off'rings sweet as were most meet,
Unto so great a power to bring.

Now to him that first redeemed us,
By his precious death and passion,
Us vile sinners so esteemed,
Buying dearly our salvation.

Yield lasting fame, and still the name
Of Jesus may be honoured here,
And let us say that Christmas day,
Is still the best day in the year.

HERALD ANGELS.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord.
Late in him behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead he,
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with us to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness;
Light and life on all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more should die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Dives and Lazarus,

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
E'en down at Dives's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door,
No meat, no drink, will I give to thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
E'en down at Dives's wall,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Or with hunger starve I shall.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall,
Neither meat, nor drink, will I give to thee,
But with hunger starve you shall.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
E'en down at Dives's gate,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

Then Dives sent out his savage men,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to strike one stroke,
But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay,
They had not power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.

As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul therein to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And go along with me,
For you've a place reserved in heaven,
In angels' company.

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And go with me to see,
A dismal place prepared in hell,
From whence thou ne'er canst flee.

Then Dives looked up with streaming eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest,
Give me one drop of water brother Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst.

Oh! had I as many years to abide,
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end, but now
Hell's pains will ne'er be past.

Oh! was I now but alive again,
The space of half an hour,
O that I had made my peace secure,
Then the devil should have no power.

THE SUNNY BANK.

As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas day in the morning.

I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by,
I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And who should be with these three ships,
With these three ships, with these three ships,
And who should be with these three ships,
But Joseph and his fair lady.

O he did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy, that our Saviour he was born,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Rising of the Dead.

O faithless proud and sinful man,
So far from grace has fled,
That in his heart believeth not,
The rising of the dead.
For when the dead they shall be raised,
That in the grave do lie,
Ye may suppose that with the dead,
We then shall rise full high.

Of all the creatures living here
While Christ on earth shall reign,
How wicked were those sinful men,
Who spent their time in vain.
Now Christ is risen from the dead,
And doth in glory sit;
He having trod down death and hell,
And sin under his feet.

When Christ within the grave was laid,
The Jews did watchmen set,
And for fear his body should
Away from them be fetched.
Likewise they did a mighty stone
On his sepulchre roll,
And all for fear his body should
Away from them be stole.

But in the middle of the night,
A mighty earthquake came,
Which shook the sea likewise the land,
And all within the same.
A mighty angel of the Lord,
Came down from heaven on high,
And rolled back that mighty stone,
From the grave where he did lie.

His face was like the flaming fire,
His garments white as snow,
Which put the watchmen in great fear,
They ran away full sore.
They went and told the high priest plain,
That he should them release,
Who hired them with money so,
That they should hold their peace.

And say some of his servants came,
Whom he before did keep,
And secretly stole him away,
When they were fast asleep.
And if King Herod should hear thereof,
We will persuade him so,
Thus you can have no harm at all,
Which way soever you go.

Then faithful Mary Magdalene,
James and his mother too,
They brought great store of ointment sweet,
As the Jews were wont to do.
They rose up early in the morn,
Before that it was day,
To anoint the body of the Lord,
In the grave where he did lay.

But when they came unto the place,
They saw a young man there,
But Christ was risen from the dead,
Which put them in great fear.
Come on, come on, the angel said,
Why are you so afraid?
He whom you are now seeking here,
Is risen from the dead.

Mary look'd down into the grave,
Two angels then did see,
Why weep thee woman, so, said they,
'Tis for my Lord, said she.
Then Mary turned herself around,
As she stood weeping so,
Our Lord was standing at her back,
But him she did not know.

Why weeps the woman so said he,
Who seekest thou in this place,
She thought he was the gardener,
And told to him her case.
If you have borne him hence away,
Pray tell me where he is,
That I may find my Lord again,
For sure I will not miss.

Why, Mary, said our Saviour sweet,
Why weep'st thou so for me,
My Father loveth me again,
My soul hath joy in thee.
But touch me not, Mary, he said,
Till I have been above,
Then with my God, my only God,
And Father whom I love.

Then many times Christ showed himself
To his disciples all,
But Thomas he would not believe,
His faith it was so small.
Unless that he could put his hand
Into his wounds so wide,
And thrust his fingers in the wound,
Where the spear had pierced his side.

But Christ who knew all secret thoughts,
Did rise again, when he
Did say to Thomas here am I,
And thou may'st plainly see.
Behold my hands were nail'd and pierc'd,
And feel thou now my side,
And be not faithless, O thou man,
For thee these pains I do abide.

Thus several times Christ showed himself,
When he did rise again,
And then ascended up to heaven,
In glory for to reign.
Where he prepares a place for those
Who rise again full high,
To dwell with him in heavenly bliss,
Above the starry sky.

The Holly and the Ivy.

The Holly and the Ivy,
Now both are well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown.

CHORUS.

The rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The Holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

The Holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

The Holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas day in the morn.

The Holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.

The Holly and the Ivy,
Now are both well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears a crown.

COLEMAN'S CAROL.

Good christian people pray attend,
Unto the lines which I have penn'd
To show how Christ he was foretold,
By prophets in the days of old.

God did reveal him first of all,
Soon after sinful Adam's fall,
When to the serpent thus he said,
The woman's seed shall bruise thy head.

To Abraham these words express'd,
In thee all nations shall be blest,
Thus Christ was promised twice we find,
To be the Saviour of mankind.

Tho' Job's affliction it was great,
He patiently for Christ did wait,
Therefore the faithful token gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

David a King and prophet both,
God swore unto him by an oath,
That of his seed one should descend,
Whose kingdom ne'er should have an end.

Isaiah he did say indeed,
A virgin shall conceive and breed,
And bear a son thus he did tell,
And call his name Immanuel.

Likewise the prophet Jeremiah,
Speaking of infants that must die,
For Christ's sake in Judea land,
Where Rachael wept we understand.

Thus all the prophets more or less,
Something of Christ they do express,
Both of his manner and his birth,
Likewise his dwelling here on earth.

Now Zachariah tells us plain,
How Christ shall come both poor and mean,
Riding upon an ass's foal,
So humble was his precious soul.

The time at length being fully come,
That God did send his blessed son,
Born of a pure and spotless maid,
Within a manger he was laid.

No woman's help in time of need,
And the poor virgin you may read,
But was herself like one forlorn,
When Christ our Saviour he was born.

He with his parents lived twelve years,
As in the gospel it appears,
Then to Jerusalem he came,
There mighty wonders spread his name.

Into the temple there he went,
Where learned [illegible]tors did frequent,
Hearing and asking questions wise,
They did the people much surprise.

Likewise the scriptures give account,
Of his blest sermon on the mount,
And of the blessings he'll bestow,
On them that serve him here below.

Our Saviour tells us very plain
The way that we must heaven gain,
If you will my disciples be,
Take up the cross and follow me.

He said we must leave off all sin,
That we have so delighted in,
All other faults we must forgive,
This is the life that we must live.

Our Saviour tells us great and small,
That we must never swear at all,
He said that we must holy be,
Or else his face we ne'er shall see.

Our blessed Saviour whilst on earth,
He never sinned from his birth,
But in God's works he did abound,
No guile within his mouth was found.

Yet ah! the unbelieving Jews,
Our Saviour's doctrine did refuse,
And being filled with raging spite,
His death they sought with all their might.

These Jews together did conspire,
And therefore Judas they did hire,
His Lord and master to betray,
And thirty pence it was his pay.

Our Saviour was to Pilate brought,
There wicked Jews his ruin sought,
And did request that he should die,
But Pilate answered presently,

Saying what evil hath he done,
They said, he calls himself God's Son,

Then Pilate hearing what they said,
Became still more and more afraid.

He washed his hands in water there,
See you to that for I am clear,
From this just person he reply'd,
His blood be on our heads they cry'd.

Pilate to give the Jews content,
Unto the Judgment-hall he went,
Where he condemned our Saviour dear,
For to be crucified there.

These cruel Jews with bitter scorns,
Did make him wear a crown of thorns,
And having smote him in the face,
Conveyed him to the fatal place.

They brought our blessed Lord indeed,
And cruelly they made him bleed,
Then on the cross our Lord did die,
To sit at God's right hand on high.

All praise and glory given be,
Henceforth to all eternity,
To him that was our nearest friend,
And so my carol here doth end.

SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Thus have you heard and seen our Saviour's love,
And how he suffered like an harmless dove,
And if we in our wickedness remain,
We crucify our blessed Lord again.

If you was going to be put to death,
It would be hard to find a friend on earth,
That would lay down his life to set you free,
But Christ with patience shed his blood for thee.

Consider what our Lord did undergo,
For to preserve us from the gulph of woe,
Repent in time, your wickedness refrain,
Christ will not shed his blood for us again.

To love each other that we ought to do,
'Tis God's command altho' it's kept by few,
For little love can in this world be found,
Nothing but spite and malice doth abound.

Here is a thing that scripture plainly shows,
To pray for them that are your greatest foes,
And if you ever think to enter heaven,
You must forgive as you would be forgiven.

'Tis very apt in some to curse and swear,
But let me now persuade you to forbear,
And do no more abuse the name of God,
Lest he should smite you with his heavy rod.

The sin of drunkenness leave off in time,
For that's another sad notorious crime,
Live sober lives, and lay that sin aside,
Nay likewise too, that odious sin of pride.

Some make their riches as their God I know,
And on the poor they nothing will bestow,
'Tis good to help the poor in their distress,
Relieve the widow and the fatherless.

Give to the poor, you lend it to the Lord,
The cheerful giver Christ will well reward,
In that sweet place where holy angels dwell,
For how soon death can come no man can tell.

Some do by gaming lose their whole estate,
And then are sorry when it is too late,
Therefore in time leave off such foolish things,
Which heavy sorrow and destruction brings.

Now one thing more to youth I wish to say,
Your tender parents honour and obey,
As they took care to bring you up indeed,
You ought to help them out in time of need.

Attend thy church a sabbath don't neglect,
The holy scriptures will thy soul direct,
And let it be thy ever constant care,
To serve the Lord by daily fervent prayer.

Some are deprived of their precious sight,
All worldly pleasures are hid from them quite,
'Tis better to live in darkness here on earth,
Than lose the light of heaven after death.

So here I will conclude and make an end,
Of these few lines which are sincerely penn'd,
Now buy the book the price is very small,
Lord grant it may be for the good of all.

Walters, Printer, Bookseller, Stationer, Musicseller, &c.

A

GOOD

Christmas Box,

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Christmas Carols.

PART II.

DUDLEY:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. WALTERS, HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

Twelve Articles

One God there is of wisdom, glory, might,
One faith there is to guide our souls aright,
One truth there is for man to practise in,
One Baptism, to cleanse our souls from sin.

Two Testaments there are, the Old and New,
Wherein the law and gospel thou may'st view,
The one for works and deeds doth precepts give,
The other faith, the just by faith shall live.

Three persons in the glorious Trinity,
Make one true God in perfect unity:
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, these three,
For ever equal, and eternal be.

Four most divine and righteous holy men,
They did the life of our Redeemer pen;
'Twas Matthew, Mark, nay Luke and John likewise,
Whose Righteous truth let every christian prize.

Five senses doth to every man pertain,
A governing of power, rule and reign!
The hearing, seeing, tasting, feeling, smelling,
Which all at death, will leave thee and thy dwelling.

Six days, O Man, we have to labour in,
So merciful and good our God hath been,
Of seven, to himself he takes but one,
Then rob him not of that, to leave him none.

Seven liberal arts, by a divine decree,
Unto a man's knowing soul united be;
Rhetoric, Grammar, Music, Geometry,
Arithmetic, Logic, and Astronomy.

Eight persons in the ark with Noah were,
When God the old world would no longer spare,
Sin did abound, therefore all flesh he drown'd,
Which in that ship of safety was not found.

Nine muses do their harmonious voices raise,
All to sing our dear Redeemer's praise;
From whose blest hands, all blessings daily flow,
To us poor mortals here below.

There are Ten Commandments we should obey,
But yet how apt are we to go astray;
Breaking them all, our folly to pursue,
As though we did not fear what God could do.

Eleven disciples did with Jesus pray,
While Judas did the Son of God betray;
Through covetousness, for greedy gain he fell;
To be perdition's child, condemn'd to hell.

Twelve tribes there were among the fathers old,
Twelve articles the christian faith doth hold,
Twelve gates in new Jerusalem there be,
Unto which city, Christ bring you and me.

DAVID'S ROYAL SON.

Of all the wonders and delights,
Which raise our best surprise,
The awful themes, the lovely sights,
With which we feast our eyes.

There's none for excellence and joy,
And wonder can compare,
With what at Christmas may employ
Our serious thoughts and prayer.

If trav'llers through the darksome night,
Rejoice the day to see;
If pris'ners bound in woeful plight,
Are glad when they get free.

If sick and dying men rejoice
To see physician's face,
Then sinners listen, tune your voice,
And hail the Saviour's grace.

From heav'n the Son of God descends,
And takes the form of man;
To reconcile his foes as friends,
Was his all-gracious plan.

For now the promis'd Saviour's born,
To Israel long foretold;
A lowly babe, the great ones' scorn,
See a rough stable hold.

But though he comes in lowly guise,
'Tis David's royal son;
And he that in a manger lies,
Shall fill his Father's throne.

Come, own the sins of all the year,
Of all your lives and pray;
Don't add more crimes and vengeance dare,
Abusing Christmas day.

The Babe of Bethlehem.

The babe in Bethlehem's manger laid,
In humble form so low:
By wond'ring angels is survey'd
Through all his scenes of woe.

A Saviour! sinners here around,
Sing, shout the wondrous word;
Let every bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour; Christ the Lord.

For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy;
He came to earth for sin t' atone,
And satan to destroy.

To preach the word of life divine,
And feed with living bread,
To heal the sick with hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.

He preach'd, he suffer'd, bled, and died,
Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners' stead was crucifi'd,
For sin a sacrifice.

Well may we sing a Saviour's birth,
Who need the grace so given,
And hail his coming down to earth,
Who raises us to heaven.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

As on my bed with grief oppressed,
I laid me down to take my rest,
Into a dream most strange I fell,
Which to the world in brief I'll tell.

Methought an Angel all in white,
Did come to me when late at night,
And said, "Prepare to go with me,
I'll show strange wonders unto thee"

The Angel forced me to go,
Indeed, whether I would or no,
And in a very little space,
He brought me to a glorious place.

Upon a throne there sat a King,
Many melodiously did sing,
All clothed in fine white array,
Which shined brighter than the day.

It was so beautiful and fair,
I fain would have continued there;
With that the Angel said to me,
"Poor soul this is no place for thee:

"A little further you must go,
For something else I will thee show."
Then from this place I did depart,
Full sore it griev'd me to the heart.

Into a little Room we went,
Where was a noisome stinking scent,
For want of sweeping many years,
It like a dunghill did appear.

One came to clear the dirt away,
But it was grown to such decay,
He could by no means clean the same,
It did the King's wrath much inflame.

He said, "It shall no longer stand,
I will destroy it out of hand:
There is no other hope I see,
This little Room shall burned be."

Another place he brought me to,
Most sad and dreadful to the view,
It griev'd my heart to see the same,
All full of sulphur, smoke, and flame.

One look'd at me both fierce and grim,
Which made me tremble every limb,
My soul was fill'd with dread and fear,
I said, how long must I be here?

To me the Angel then reply'd,
"Here, ever here you must abide,
Except this Room can cleansed be,
There will be no relief for thee."

The Prince said, "Father be free,
To give that little Room to me,
I'll put it in another frame,
My own heart's blood to cleanse the same."

O then it was performed and done,
The King was willing that his Son,
The greatest torture then could bear,
To put the Room in good repair.

His blood was thrown upon the floor,
And water then was sprinkled o'er,
The Room was suddenly made clean,
And not one spot was to be seen.

The Angel came and said to me,
"I now am come to set thee free."
O then my joys were more and more,
That I had seen my troubles o'er.

Again he brought me to the Room
Where was a smell of rich perfume,
I was amaz'd to see the same,
For it was in another frame.

Then to the Angel I did say,
Interpret this to me, I pray,
Because it seemeth something strange
To see so wonderful a change.

The Angel said, "This is the world,
It would have been to ashes hurl'd,
Had not Christ shed his blood so free,
To cleanse the World and ransom thee.

Although he died, he lives again,
And with his Father now doth reign,
At his right hand he sits on high,
And lives to all eternity.

He'll come again to judge the world,
The wicked ones they shall be hurl'd
Into the pit of discontent,
Where wicked fiends they do torment.

The righteous need not fear to die,
For they shall be with Christ on high,
Although afflicted here on earth,
They will be happy after death.

Then by the hand he did me take,
And said, "Poor drowsy soul awake."
Being awakened from my sleep,
My heart was full then I did weep.

To think my Christ so patiently,
Did undergo such misery,
To free lost sinners from the grave,
He shed his blood the world to save.

I hope this dream is for my good,
Lord Jesus with thy precious blood,
Wash all my heinous sins away,
And make me fit for the last day.

THE MAN THAT LIVES MUST LEARN TO DIE.

The man that lives must learn to die,
Christ will no longer stay;
Our time is short, death's near at hand
To take our lives away.

What is our life that we must live,
And what's our carcase then,
That's food for worms to feed upon,
Christ knows the time and when.

Our lives are like the grass, O Lord,
Like flowers in the field,
So welcome death, praise ye the Lord,
Willing I am to yield.

Now we must die and leave this world
That we have lived in,
Nothing but one poor winding sheet
To wrap our bodies in.

Happy the man that never swore
Against the living Lord,
And never took God's name in vain
At any trifling word.

When shall we see that happy heaven,
That blessed resting place,
Where we like angels there shall feed
Upon God's royal grace.

The bitter plagues, the fiery hell,
Where sinners they are slain;
His beast shall die, his sheep shall rot,
Cold clay shall be his grave.

Besides, himself sickness shall have,
No physic shall him cure;
We ne'er shall live to see old age,
Our lives will not endure.

TWELVE POINTS.

My gift is small, a dozen of points,
Wherein I'd have you knit ye,
And keep each point in its due joint;
So pure and just your life shall be.

The first point is, see that you keep,
And every night before you sleep,
See that you ask God's forgiveness,
For all your sins and wickedness.

The second is, that I say,
Look, when thou seest the cheerful day,
Rise up and praise the God of might,
Who hath defended thee this night.

The third point that I thee require,
Down on thy bended knees desire
The God of heaven may be your stay,
For to preserve you night and day.

The fourth point bids them to beware,
And to avoid all subtile snares;
For satan with his crafty pow'r,
Seeketh men's souls for to devour.

The fifth point doth good counsel give,
Wear it for ever while you live,
And keep your conscience firm and pure,
Then God will bless you to be sure.

The sixth point that I'd have thee will,
Is for to use no subtile skill;
Nor for to work thy neighbour's woe,
As sure, take heed, and not do so.

The seventh saith, defraud no man,
But deal as justly as you can;
The widow and the fatherless defend,
Then God will bless you in the end.

The eighth forbids thee more or less,
For to avoid all drunkenness;
For drunkenness is abhor'd of God,
On whom he lays his heavy rod.

The ninth saith, fornication fly,
The wicked harlot will make thee dry;
Thy body will consume I say,
And bring thy soul unto decay.

The tenth saith thus, do not forswear
False witness against no man bear;
Let no pretentions sway thy mind
The eyes of justice for to blind.

The eleventh says, do not desire,
Thy neighbour's goods for to require;
The tenth commandment still observe,
So shalt thou thrive and never starve.

The twelfth says fear the God of might,
And truly serve him day and night;
Obey the King as 'tis thy part,
To thy country bear a faithful heart.

When these thy points you have possest,
That is this night before you rest,
Keep well each point in its degree,
So knit them fast, and guarded be.

Behold the grace appears.

Behold the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd,
Mary, the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

The Lord the highest God,
Calls him his only Son,
He bids him rule the land abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

O'er Jacob shall he reign,
With a peculiar sway,
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears,
He tells the shepherds of their joy,
And banishes their fears.

Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

With looks and heart serene,
Go visit Christ your King,
And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing.

Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join;
And loud repeat their songs.

Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy;
At the Redeemer's birth.

Old Christmas Hymn.

Arise and hail the sacred day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things;
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth seraphic songs;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace;
To whom that grace belongs.

How wonderful, how vast his love,
Who left the shining realms above,
Those happy seats of rest!
How much for lost mankind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be exprest.

While we adore his boundless grace,
And pious mirth and joy take place,
Of sorrow, grief, and pain;
Give glory to our God on high,
And not amongst the general joy,
Forget good-will to men.

O then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
And hymn the happy day;
When Sin and Satan vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell,
Before his sovereign sway.

The Shepherds Amazed.

The Shepherds amazed, the angels behold,
Declare the glad tides of the morn,
The time is fulfill'd that the prophets foretold
And Christ your Redeemer is born.

CHORUS.

All glory and honour to God our Creator,
Who came from his glory on high,
In humble submission took on him our nature
That we might partake of his joy.

Behold in a manger the Lord he is laid,
He came the glad tidings to bring,
Go seek him ye shepherds and be not afraid,
He is your Redeemer and King.

All glory, &c.

In Bethlehem city the prophets agree,
A Virgin should bring forth a Son,
Go haste to the stable ye shepherds and see.
For as it was said it is done.

All glory, &c.

The shepherds obey'd and the babe did espy,
The angels most sweetly did sing,
Let's join in their songs to the great God on high,
For sending our Saviour and King.

All glory, &c.

GOD REST YOU
MERRY GENTLEMEN.

God rest you merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.
To save our souls from satan's power,
Which long had gone astray,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain Shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's Angels,
Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you,
And throw down Satan quite,
And it is tidings of comfort and joy.

The earth did shake, the sun withheld its light,
And rocks against each other they did smite,
The hills did tremble for a little space,
And lofty mountains moved from their place.

Graves they did open and the dead arose,
And at this sight some of his cruel foes
Astonished said, "these things seem very odd,
"Surely this man must be the SON of GOD."

Then in a sepulchre Christ was lain,
Wherein three nights and days he did remain,
But when he did arise we hear in hell,
Devils trembled and with rage did swell.

Though in death's fetters Christ was forc'd to lie,
In God's due time he made his fetters fly,
Death ne'er was so baulk'd since or before,
His resurrection made the devils roar.

From the first time he was upon the earth,
He persecuted was unto his death,
And for our sins he suffered much indeed,
At thought of this what heart can choose but bleed.

But many of us act forbidden things,
And daily crucify the King of kings,
Ere it's too late your wickedness give o'er,
For Christ will shed his blood for us no more.

As we must die, and Christ our Judge must be,
To live with him then let us all agree,
That Christ may say who sits upon the throne,
"Come souls, I died for you! you are my own."

Lift up your Heads, &c.

Lift up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn,
Each heavenly power,
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jesus the Saviour is born.

Then let us join the hosts above,
Where hymning seraphs sing,
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due,
The promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

Let joy around all rivers flow,
Flow on and still increase,
Spread over the earth,
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

Now the good-will of heaven is shown
To Adam's helpless race,
The Messiah is come,
To ransom his own,
And to save them by infinite grace.

THE

BLACK DECREE.

Let Christians all with one accord rejoice,
And praises sing with heart as well as voice,
To God on high for glorious things he has done,
In sending us his best beloved Son.

That blessed Babe, and holy Child of love,
Came down from heaven that we may reign above:
The happy news was brought on Angels' wings,
Of our redemption by the King of kings.

An earthly wonder not to be deny'd,
Born of a Virgin mother, and a bride:
Not like a prince, in worldly pomp and state,
But poor and low to make us heavenly great.

The night before that happy day of grace,
The Virgin mother had not a resting place;
She and her pious Joseph were so low,
They scarcely knew what or which way to go.

For they were forced to wander up and down,
And could not get a lodging in the town;
But in an ox's stall, where beasts were fed,
The mother of our Lord was brought to bed.

No costly silks, nor robes of rich attire;
No gaudy show, which rich ones do admire;
But in a manger the great Lord of life
Was nourished by a mother, maid, and wife.

Three wise men by a star were thither brought,
And found the blessed Babe they long had sought,
Where best of spices and rich costly things,
They humbly offered to the King of kings.

And rather than the Lord of life betray,
They worshipped him and went another way;
Which so enraged the wicked Herod then,
(A Jewish king but very worst of men.)

He caused young harmless infants to be kill'd
All under two years old their blood was spill'd
Sad cries and groans were heard in every street,
With mangled bodies, bleeding hands and feet.

Young tender babes with limbs in pieces torn,
On soldiers' spears, with spite and horror borne:
Dear parents' tears could not their rage prevent,
Nor pity move the TYRANT to repent.

The black decree went all the country round,
To kill and murder children sick and sound:
They tore young children from the mothers' breast,
Thinking to murder Christ among the rest.

But GOD above, who knew what would be done,
Had sent to Egypt his beloved Son;
Where with his earthly parents he was fed,
Until the bloody tyrant he was dead.

What pains and labour did not Christ endure,
To save our souls and happiness secure?
Was always doing good to let us see,
By his example what we ought to be.

He made the blind to see, the lame to go,
He rais'd the dead, which none but he could do,
He cur'd the lepers of infected evils,
And by his mighty power he cast out devils.

He honour'd marriage with a heavenly sign
By turning water into the best of wine:
Five thousand hungry souls by him were fed,
With two small fishes and five loaves of bread.

Sufficient plenty, and a welcome treat,
Each wondering guest with thanks and praises eat;
Who gathering up the fragments of the feast,
Their wonder like the loaves, were much increas'd.

Twelve baskets full, not half so much before,
Instead of wasting still increasing more!
But yet for all the wonders that he wrought,
Ungrateful Jews still his destruction sought.

And that their wicked purpose might not miss
Brib'd Judas to betray him with a kiss;
Which being done, away they haul'd him then,
And used him as the very worst of men.

Spit in his face and with reproachful scorns,
They put upon his head a crown of thorns;
Cry'd with one voice and would not be deny'd
To Pilate that he should be crucify'd.

This wicked judge, with base injustice, now,
To please the crowd, did their request allow;
Against his conscience, he to end the strife,
Condemned to death the blessed Lord of life.

Then to a cross the Saviour of mankind
Was led an harmless lamb, as was design'd,
To save our souls condemn'd by Adam's fall,
Without whose death we had been ruin'd all.

His blessed hands and feet, with bitter pain,
Were nail'd to a CROSS with sad disdain:
With hateful spears they pierc'd his tender skin,
And let out blood to wash away our sin.

Thus blessed Jesus freely did resign
His precious blood to save both thine and mine;
Then let us all his mercies highly prize,
Who for our sins was made a sacrifice.

SWEET JESUS.

On Christmas day in the morn
Our Saviour he was born,
He was crown'd with a crown of thorns:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

This Babe was born (I wish)
To be the King of bliss,
Our Saviour as he is:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On new year's day so clear,
He circumcised were,
The Son of God most dear:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

The Twelfth day is express'd,
The princes from the east,
Our Lord they did caress:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

These princes they did bring
A free-will offering,
Unto our heavenly King:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On Ash Wednesday we hear,
Our Lord attempted were,
By satan most severe:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On Good Friday so good,
They nail'd him to the wood,
And spilt his precious blood:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On Easter Sunday so bright,
A glorious star gave light,
Our Saviour rose from dead to life:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On Holy Thursday we hear
Our Lord ascended were
Unto the heavenly choir:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

On Whit Sunday so clear,
Our Lady sat in the chair,
A lull and a lull most dear:
Sweet Jesus is his name.

Six days out of the seven
To us our Lord hath given,
And ascended up to heaven,
And glorious for to reign.

This Babe was born (I wish)
To be the King of bliss,
Our Saviour as he is,
Sweet Jesus is his name.

JOSEPH AND MARY.

Now when Joseph and Mary
Were to Bethlehem bound,
They with travel were weary,
Yet no lodgings were found
In the city of David,
Though they sought o'er it all;
They, alas, could not have it,
But in an ox's stall.

Though the place was no braver,
But mean as might be,
Our Redeemer and Saviour,
The great King of Glory;
The sweet babe of heaven
Was born there we find,
Whose life once was given
For the sins of mankind.

While the shepherds were feeding
Their flocks in the field,
The birth of our Saviour
Unto them was reveal'd;
Many angels assembled,
In their glory appear'd,
While the shepherds did tremble,
Being smitten with fear.

O, forbear to be fearful,
You have reason to sing;
Then rejoice and be cheerful,—
We glad tidings do bring:
There is born in the city
Of David therefore,
Such a Saviour of pity,
Whom we do adore.

He's the Prince of Salvation,
Then be not afraid;
And this salutation
To the shepherds they made:—
He's no longer a stranger,
But in swaddling clothes
Is laid in a manger;
Then the shepherds arose.

Being resolved together,
They to Bethlehem go;
And when they came thither
And found it was so,
They in duty ador'd him,
Coming where he was laid,
Straight they fell down before him,
This obedience they paid.

Nay, the wise men, whose prudence,
Had discovered the star,
Came to pay their obedience
And they travell'd from far,
Bringing with them the choicest
Their country did afford,
Of gold, myrrh, and spices
To present to the Lord.

Their example engages
All christians to be,
Ever since, in all ages,
Both generous and free.
Then rejoice and be merry
In a moderate way,
Never, never be weary
To honour this day.

It affords such a blessing
Unto sinful mankind
Far beyond all expressing,
If the sequel you mind,
While on earth he was dwelling,
He was still doing good;
Nay his love more excelling,
He shed his own blood.

To redeem us and save us
From the guilt of our sin,
He therefore would have us
A new life to begin;
So, remember the season,
Be kind to the poor;
Its no more than reason—
There are blessings in store.

THE

Carnal and the Crane.

As I pass'd by a river side,
And there as I did reign,
In argument I chanc'd to hear,
A Carnal and a Crane.

The Carnal said unto the Crane,
If all the world should turn
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

SECOND PART.

Another mystery behold,
I'll in the second part unfold,
These worthy poems I have penn'd,
That all good christians may attend.

This mystery I do compare,
Unto a gallant Lady fair,
And a black king that reigns below,
Who sought this Lady's overthrow.

The black king having such a spite,
Against this gallant Lady bright,
Sent forth an order or decree,
That she to death should murdered be.

According to the black king's laws,
Condemn'd to die this Lady was;
When she her sentence came to know,
Her tears like fountain streams did flow.

Now when the Lady's death was near,
A young Prince came, and said, "Don't fear,
For thou shalt not destroyed be,
I'll die myself to set thée free."

Then straight spoke up this same young prince,
"I'm come to stand in her defence,
Upon her be not too severe,
I'll die myself to set her clear."

Then was it the young Prince's doom,
To suffer in this Lady's room,
For by these lines I briefly show,
That you the mystery may know.

First with the Lady I'll begin,
It is the soul condemn'd for sin,
Had not the Prince resign'd his breath,
To save it from eternal death.

The black king Satan is we know,
Who sought the soul to overthrow,
And the young prince is Christ indeed,
Who on the Cross for sin did bleed.

MELODIOUS SOUND.

Once more the sweet melodious sound,
Salutes our happy ears;
The pleasing echo vibrates round,
Shepherds dismiss your fears.

Behold a bright celestial band,
Commissioned from above;
Visits our dark benighted land,
With tidings fraught with love.

Behold! to you, and all, I bring
Tidings of great joy;
This day is born a glorious King,
The Lord of earth and sky.

Thus spake the seraph of the Lord,
And straight appeared a throng
Of Angels; who with one accord,
Joined in this heavenly song.

All praise and glory to our God,
And peace to men on earth;
Good-will is now proclaimed abroad,
At our Redeemer's birth.

JACOB'S WELL.

At Jacob's well a Stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer,
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed;
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

This ancient well, (no glass so true,)
Britannia's image shows;
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the Stranger knows.

Yet Britain must this Stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore;
Behold the living waters flow,
Come, drink and thirst no more!

THE INFANT STRANGER.

FIRST COMPANY.

Lo! he comes, an infant stranger,
Of a lowly mother born,
Swathed and cradled in a manger,
Of his pristine glory shorn!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye God's incarnate Word!

SECOND COMPANY.

Lo! he comes, the great Creator,
Calling all the world to own
Him, the Judge and Lord of nature,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye him the living Lord!

FIRST.

Lo! he comes, by man unfriended,
Fain with stable beasts to rest;
Shepherds, who their night-fold tended,
Hailed alone the new-born guest!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye Jesse's tender rod!

SECOND.

Lo! he comes, around him pouring
All the armies of the sky;
Cherub, seraph host adorning,
Swell his state and loudly cry,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye Christ, the Son of God!

FIRST.

Lo! he comes, constrained to borrow
Shelter from you stabled shed;
He who shall, through years of sorrow,
Have not where to lay his head!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise Him, slighted by his own!

SECOND.

Lo! he comes all grief expelling
From the hearts that Him receive!
He to each with Him a dwelling,
In his Father's house will give,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise him on his glory's throne.

THE SEVEN VIRGINS.

All under the leaves, and the leaves of life,
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother in heaven.
O what are you seeking you seven pretty maids,
All under the leaves of life;
We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine;
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our heavenly guide.
Go down, go down to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ,
Nailed to a yew tree.
And down they went to yonder town,
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a bitter and grievous tear,
From the ladies' eyes did fall.
O peace, mother, O peace, mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve,
I must suffer this he said;
For Adam and for Eve,
O how can I my weeping leave,
Or my sorrows undergo,
Whilst I do see my own son die,
When Sons I have no more?
O mother, take you John Evangelist,
To be your favourite son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.
O come then John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me,
But more welcome my own dear son,
Which I nursed upon my knee.

Then he laid his head on his right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck him nigh,
The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, mother, I die.
O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows in the Spring,
And God give us grace in every place,
To pray for Victoria our Queen.
Furthermore for our enemies all,
Our prayers they are so strong,
Amen, good Lord, your charity is,
The ending of my song.

THE NEW-BORN KING.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the glorious light!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long, with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and Worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, bow'd with true repentance,
Doom'd by guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals your sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

The Star of the East.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favours secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

THE GOLDEN HARP.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly Hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chaunt in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest glory!
Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found!
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the Great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
'Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
'Till it cover all the earth.

The Twinkling Stars.

Veil your bright heads ye twinkling stars,
In your ethereal blue;
On this low earth a star appears,
More glorious far than you.

His beams eclips'd in mortal clay,
Are dimly seen to shine;
And pour on us a gentle ray,
Of tenderness divine.

Come, let us view the Saviour's bed,
Unnoticed and forlorn;
And press to see the lowly shed,
Where heav'nly love was born.

Sweet were the smiles that deck'd his face,
And soft his infant eyes;
But sweeter was the matchless grace,
That brought him from the skies.

Christians Awake.

Christians awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love;
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations of the earth,
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find,
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind,
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger, this shall be your sign;
He spake and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb, with hallelujahs rung
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will;
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amaz'd the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the infant's fame;
Whilst Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

They to their flocks still praising God return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and wretched, as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains,
Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss
From his poor manger to his bitter cross,
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope th'angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd, a glad and joyful song,
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us, all his glory shall display,
Sav'd by his grace, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to God, our heav'nly King!

THE HOLLY BOUGH.

The cheerful days of Spring are fine,
When sunshine decks the hours,
And blithesome Summer, when we twine,
Wreaths of the fairest flowers;
But, oh! tho' bright the days of Spring,
And Summer's flowrets gay,
There's none that half the pleasure bring
Of merry Christmas day!

'Tis then from house to house we roam
To sing, as we do now,
And on the mantle-piece at home
We place the holly bough;
And fires ne'er seem to burn so bright,
Nor hearts to be so gay,
Nor feet to tread the ground so light,
As on a Christmas day!

But cold and selfish should we be,
And heartless, did we fail
To wish that you as well as we,
May merry be and hale!
May he whose love has ever blest
The righteous with its ray,
Grant you all good—and 'midst the rest
A merry Christmas day!

And not on you and us alone,
His heav'nly blessing be;—
God bless the Queen upon the throne,
The infant on her knee;
And him whose careful duty is
To be their help and stay,—
Grant them with every other bliss,
A merry Christmas day!

In England's shores ten thousand halls,
To-day are deck'd with green,
And in her churches' happy walls
Ten thousand schools are seen!—
We know them not—but yet we know
How much like us are they;
Oh! blithesome may the moments flow,
To them on Christmas day!

Front Cover: Head of John the Baptist in alabaster, English circa 1430.